to hang his hat
or to just watch me
unbraid gardenias
from my hair.

I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOU

Wizards. All of them. Wizards.
Gravel in their throats.
Worrying the line.
Horn to bleeding lips.
Fingers thrashing white keys
cascading black.
Wizards of impulse and verve,
blizzard blowing wizards blowing
blue-red-bright-black-blow-ing
a capella saxophones.
Scat wizards trans-
muting anguish
into bird songs.

Soul boys who found freedom
in the pedals and sticks
of their instruments,
who took freedom,
putting out in jook joints
and dance halls,
putting up on
chicken-bone buses
'cross country
that kept on going
through cracker towns,
'cause there was no place
for a busload
of Colored musicians
to stop.